

The Life of LOVE.

Let he or she, from Chains are free,
prize high their Liberty.
Loves a Disease, that seems to please
yet breeds Captivity.

To the Tune of, *The fair one let me In* : Or, *Busie fame*,
This may be Printed, R. P.



ALL you that do in Love delight,
now mind what I relate;
And give your judgement now aright,
of this my cruel Fate:
I loved one most tenderly,
that lov'd not me again:
Though I for him could freely dye,
he pays me with disdain.

And yet upon him I must dote,
O what a Fool am I:
Though yet I love him well I know't,
'tis meer Simplicity,
To moun for him who laughs at me,
i'th' midst of all my pain;
When he should be most kind to me,
He doth me most disdain.



Hard hap I had in this my Choice,
to meet one so unkind;
Whilst others sweetly do rejoyce,
no Comfort I can find:
But sighing waste my self away,
and linger in my Chain;
I pine for him both night and day,
that doth me still disdain.

This is Unjustice to the height,
that Reason contradicts;
Both night and day for him to sigh,
that my poore heart afflicts:
Oh! I had rather chuse to dye,
then in this state remain,
'Tis worie then Death assuredly,
to meet with such disdain,

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WELL since I must this grief endure,
 I'll now resign my breath;
 For being past all hopes of Cure,
 I covet for my Death:
 For I shall never quiet be,
 while I do here remain;
 Come Death and strike immediately,
 then farewell his disdain.

Then down her Cheeks the tears did
 and oft she wish't in vain; (run
 For that which could not well be won,
 which much encreas'd her pain.
 Come Death, quoth she, & pierce my
 iet me no more complain; (heart,
 I long to feel thy killing dart,
 since he doth me disdain.

The Young-Mans Loving Answer.

MY dear, you're too too much unkind
 against me thus to speak;
 For thou shalt see I will prove kind,
 thy heart it shall not break:
 For every tear that thou hast spent,
 I bott'e up in store;
 Believe me Love, 'tis my intent,
 that thou should'st grieve no more.

No no, forbear to mounen for me,
 who loves thee tenderly.
 I will be faithful unto thee,
 and constant till I dye:
 Thou art an Angel unto me,
 'tis thee I do adore;
 In thee alone I do delight,
 then grieve for me no more.

It pierc'd me through my tender heart,
 to hear thee thus complain;
 It is not in the power of Art,
 to make me thee disdain:
 My Love is spotless I protest,
 none e're lov'd so before;
 My dear, I do not speak in jest,
 then grieve for me no more.

Let this my Love a pattern be,
 to all both young and old;
 Who say, they love unfeign'dly,
 but yet I dare be bold
 To say, that many do deceive,
 for scarce one in a Score,
 That say they love you may believe,
 but mind such Blades no more.